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Voices of Peace

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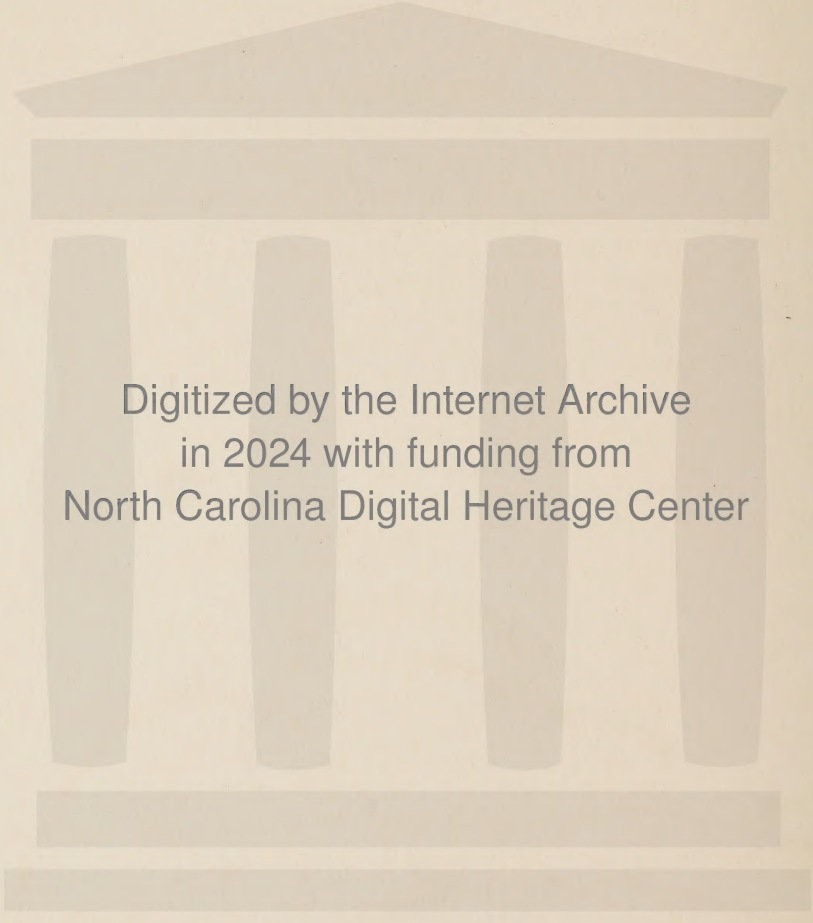
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VOICES *of* PEACE

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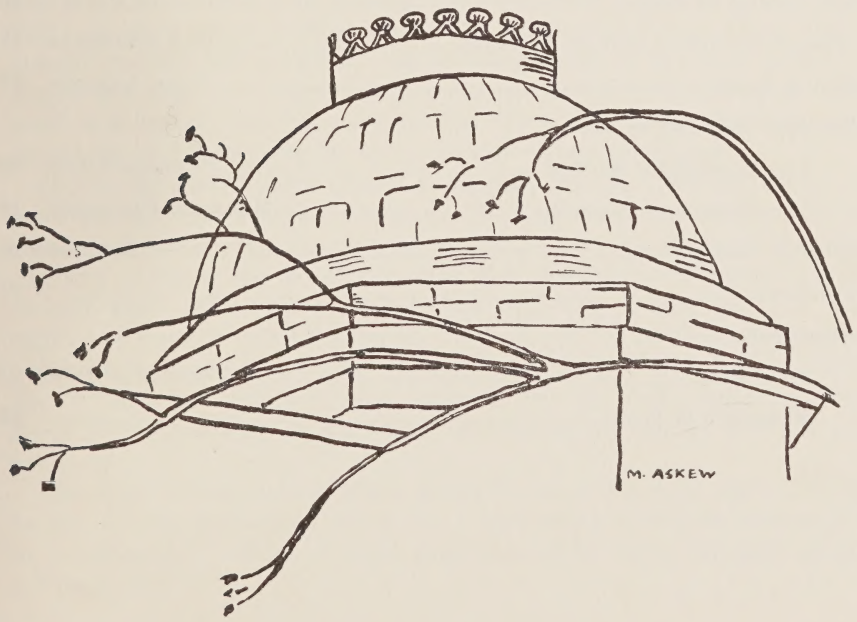
Volume VIII March, 1940 Number 2

THE CAPITOL

Stately columns tower toward the sky;
Amber-shadowed walls support a dome
Of aqua crowned in white. Like sprays of foam
The curdled moonbeams tangle up their sly
And silver wings in purple, mist-draped trees;
Glowing 'neath the dazzling, splendent lights
Which with a lustrous beauty pierce the night's
Dark curtain, the saffron walls arise with ease—
Yet with a firmness—in contrast, and erect.
Venerable and dominating, it strongly rears
With august dignity, shadows cloudflecked
On its yellowed walls, its head. Through years
Of toil and struggle, years of shade and strife,
This wondrous beauty has propagated life.

Anne Langtry, '41



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JODIE CAIN

The moon cast an uncanny brilliance on the cotton field in front of me. The pallor of the leaves became a silvery luster. A timid breeze faintly stirred the sultry heat of the July night. I stood alone on the hillside, half-frightened by the weird scene before me.

In the quiet of the night I heard the rustling leaves of the white sycamore on the hill—the melancholy sighing of the pines across the branch, the croaking of the frogs by the water, resounding like a thudding bass viol in my ear, the undertone of the tall grasses at my feet as they swayed in the breeze. The chirp of a cricket near me took on a frightening volume in the oppressive murmur of night. Save for the noises of the night, all about me was silence.

Suddenly I heard the crunching of footsteps approaching on the road behind me. My heart leaped with apprehension and through my mind swept fantastic visions of horror in the darkness. The thudding of the heavy steps grew louder, and I saw, instead of visions, stark reality. I was alone in the night, unprotected and virtually helpless. There was a lump in my throat, and I felt myself possessed by that nausea that fear brings with it. For one futile moment I thought of escape: there would be no good in screaming—no one was near enough to hear me; the car was quite a distance back up the road; besides, these footsteps were between it and me. Why had I ever been so foolish as to leave its security?

The person was approaching. Whether he was black or white I could not tell. He seemed to be made of the same silver as the swaying cotton field. I could notice a slight limp as he came toward me. There was a bundle over his left shoulder. As he came nearer I saw that he was a Negro and that the bundle was a guitar swinging from his neck. His head was bowed and his face hidden from my view. Save for the crunching of his stealthy footsteps all was silence about me.

It was not until he was almost at my side that he lifted his head. A more horrible face I have never seen. The light of the moon cast oblique shadows to make even more grotesque all its features. His cheeks were pitifully scarred; his broad flat nose was distorted even more by the sinister light of the moon. Only his lips were unscarred. He was smiling a sort of mirthless smile. He seemed to be looking at some object at his feet. Slowly he raised his eyelids, and with horror I saw that he only had one eye. The white of this eye shone out at me like ivory from the ebony of his face. He seemed to look at me, but not to see me.

The sight of this sinister being struck terror to my very soul. I tried to run, but my feet would not move; I opened my mouth to scream, but no sound could I utter. I stood there immobile, under the spell of his uncanny eye.

He smiled—it was more of a toothless grin than a smile—and took his guitar in his hand. I could only stand and stare. Then to the strumming of the guitar he began to chant in a high clear voice some melancholy half-English, half-primitive African melody. His eye never left my face until he had finished his plaintive rhythm. He only paused a split second to get his breath and then began his chant anew. I was spellbound. I tried to breathe, but I felt stifled in the tense atmosphere. Under the spell of his chant, I suddenly felt again the sweltering July heat and a cold sweat broke out all over my body. My brain had long since ceased to function.

Too terrified to move, I stood there before him, charmed by the rhythm of his guitar. I lost myself in a dream. The steady strumming became a din in my ear, and I could see a thousand hungry savages dancing around a campfire to the steady beat of a tom-tom. A thousand one-eyed Africans, staring at me, grinning at me, surrounding me, drawing closer . . . closer . . . I must escape . . . I must run . . . I shut my eyes and made a wild dash for freedom.

I stopped only when I reached the car and slammed the door behind me. I buried my face in my hands and wept hysterically. Finally a thought came to my addled brain and with it a welcomed sensation of relief. I remembered the tales I had heard as a child of the Negro half-wit, Jodie Cain, who wandered through the country with his guitar. Harmless. The tension in my mind was relaxed, but there remained a fear that I had never known before—a fear of the dark mystery of life, of the shadows that hang over even our brightest moments, of the mental night that surrounds us and engulfs us.

Far down the road I saw a lone figure limping away in the distance, and across the night I heard the steady strumming, the constant strumming, the haunting strumming of a low guitar . . .

ELLEN COCHRAN, '40

STUDY IN BLACK AND GREY

Looking from my window at twilight I can see silhouetted against the sky the majestic form of a great pine. The black symmetry of the tree as it rears itself loftily toward the heavens is perfect. Fragrant needle-laden branches crown the towering trunk. In its solemn beauty the tree stands as if painted by a great master upon the pearl-grey canvas of the evening sky.

ANN M. MCCORKLE, '41

FIVE POEMS

RAIN

I love rain:

Its silence,
When it falls on fresh green leaves
And warm earth
In spring.

Its tinkling,
When it laughs on window panes
And tin roofs
In joy.

Its sobbing,
When it is driven by moaning wind
Through the trees
In pain.

Its pounding,
When it beats against the earth
Angrily
In rage.

My rain.

WITHIN THE TOMB

The dead are incurious.

They care not that you had wealth,
A thousand of the finest
Gowns of New York. They gasp not for
Awe at your blond beauty, and
Thrill not to your sparkling eyes.

The dead only bestir
Themselves to move over—to
Make room for you to pillow
Your bright head in the rows of
The forgotten.

A HAVEN

The world is torn with war;
Men hasten, frenzied with thoughts
Of enlistment. Guns roar
And planes soar, screaming destruction.
The dead are mourned. Hunger,
Pain, suffering. Yet the church standeth
Above this man-made hell,
Rising out of chaos, hate, fear—
Sanctuary.

MORNING

Tiny fingertips of sun
Creep in and tease my eyelids;
Elusive toes of consciousness
Tip in and interrupt my dreams.
Sunbeams shyly kiss my cheek—
Awakening, I find the day.

ENTREATY

World, call me not
From a realm of joy
Where, lost in dreams,
I go swift in flight
To another sphere.

I know your pain,
And ugly suffering,
Your routine drear.
Of these I ask no
Knowledge. Call me not!

FRANCES RAINEY,
Eleventh Grade

BARABBAS

The cell was cold and damp. From the narrow window high up in the wall the pale light of dawn cast its faint rays into the darkened room. The deep breathing of a man asleep on a straw tick in the corner and the occasional muffled plodding of a camel on the sandy road outside were the only sounds that troubled the deep silence.

The quiet was suddenly broken by a faint distant rumbling. As the noise increased, the figure on the bed turned restlessly, and then, starting violently, as if awakened by fear, sat bolt upright. In the close cell Barabbas listened, scarcely breathing, wondering what had awakened him. The noise that drifted in to him at first resembled the boom of the surf; but as he listened the sound drew nearer, and he recognized it as the voice of a mob. It must be nearing five o'clock. What could they want at this hour of the morning? At the present, was there any prisoner of importance except himself in Pilate's custody?

Straining his ears, it seemed to Barabbas that he could distinguish his name, but he could not be certain. Rising from his bed of straw he moved anxiously toward the window. Wide awake, he cupped his grimy hands to his ears and listened intently. Suddenly through the clear night air there rang out the cry, "Crucify him!" The hoarse shouts of the surging mob grew louder, and Barabbas, in the safety of his cell, trembled with fear.

Outside the noise ceased, as if the mob were listening to someone. Barabbas waited, his heart hammering against his ribs. Could it be that they were demanding that he should be crucified? His thoughts ran back to his many crimes. His arrest on the charge of being connected with the insurrection in the city some months back was the only crime he was accused of; but did they know more? Had someone discovered the old man buried so carefully in the dirt floor of his hut—the same dirt floor that had once harbored the old man's gold? He had beaten the floor down again, and had been so careful not to leave even a little mound of fresh earth to betray his secret. He had even covered the floor over with rushes, just as the old man had always kept it. Who could have missed the old man? He had no relatives or close neighbors. And who could possibly have traced the old man's disappearance to him? Why, not even the old man himself knew who had struck him that night! Could there have been some passer-by, someone he had not seen, who had caught a glimpse of his face as he slipped from the house with the heavy sack of gold hidden under his cloak? Yes, that must be it. Or perhaps all this was just a foolish fancy; perhaps he had only imagined he heard those cries of "Crucify him!" All was still now. At the thought that he might have been dreaming, a wave of relief swept over the man's tortured being.

His respite was interrupted by the sudden wild outbreak from the mob. This time there could be no misinterpreting the cry that reached the waiting man's ears; it was no dream, for unmistakably, above the uproar, he heard this phrase, "Give us Barabbas!" And again and again, "Crucify him, crucify him!"

Thinking himself a doomed man, Barabbas became frantic. Hardly realizing what he was doing, he threw his heavy frame against the massive door; but it scarcely creaked. Despairing of this, he began to cry and whine, begging his keepers piteously for mercy. The only response to his terrified pleas of "Save me, save me!" was the hollow echoing of his voice. Realizing that there was no hope, Barabbas, jerking with fear, began pacing up and down his narrow cell, moaning like a trapped animal. Crucifixion, the most horrible of deaths, hour upon hour of agony! Why a man of his strength might live for two days; he had seen it happen. Was there not some way that he could end his suffering before he was delivered into the hands of that bloodthirsty mob? But he had no knife, and the bars of the window, from which he might have hanged himself, were far too high for even a man of his stature to reach.

The noise outside rose and fell. The grey streak that marked the window was fast becoming lighter. It would soon be broad day. Weary and terrified, Barabbas sank to his straw tick. He tried to sleep, but sleep had gone from him. Incessantly there came before his eyes the vision of the old man who never knew what hit him—the sudden spurting of blood from the nose and mouth when he struck the back of that grey head, and the glassy eyes that stared and stared. But the old man had not suffered. Barabbas envied him. How willingly he would exchange his fate for that of the old man!

From a distance there came the sound of an iron door being swung open on rusty hinges, and then the tramp of footsteps along the corridor. As the steps grew louder, Barabbas shrank farther into his corner. By the morning light his evil face took on an even more fiendish expression. His crafty black eyes under their bushy brows were bright with fear. The pallor of his pasty face was accentuated by his black, greasy beard and the coarse, matted hair that hung about his hunched shoulders.

When steps stopped outside the door to his cell, Barabbas felt his heart drop to the pit of his stomach. After what seemed an eternity the door swung open and two Roman centurions entered. One man in a rough voice commanded Barabbas to "get up"; but the whimpering man only cowered deeper into the straw. Signing to his companion, the first centurion advanced into the cell and kicked Barabbas on the thigh.

"Help me pick up the dog, Paul," he ordered, catching the terrified Barabbas by one arm.

Together the two men drew the malefactor from his cell and piloted him to the courtyard. When he caught sight of the mob awaiting him

there, Barabbas lost all control of himself. Shaking with terror and gibbering wildly, he tried to dive back into the shelter of the building; but the two centurions, catching him by the shoulders, drew him out.

"Here is your man," said one, addressing the crowd and giving Barabbas a rough shove.

Before he knew what was happening, the terrified man found himself being hoisted on the shoulders of the people. The dazzling brilliance of the early morning sunlight after his long confinement in the gloomy dungeon only added to the astounded man's bewilderment at this unexpected reception. Here he was, a murderer, for whose death this same mob had been clamoring only a few hours before, being treated like a conquering hero. Utterly nonplused, the stupefied man smiled wanly at the sea of upturned laughing faces and wondered vaguely if he were still dreaming.

From the other side of the courtyard there arose a shout: "There he is—there is the King of the Jews!" With one accord the mob surged toward the outer court. Barabbas felt himself descending, none too gently, from his precarious position. For a moment he tottered uncertainly; then his knees buckled under him, and he fell sprawling in the dust. Completely ignoring him, several people stumbled over his prostrate form before he could regain enough strength to rise. Feebly he made his way to the edge of the crowd. At length finding himself free, he dodged behind a pillar near the entrance to the courtyard and, leaning against it, gasped for breath.

The jeering of the mob increased. Barabbas, fearing detection, cast a furtive glance about him. Having made certain that no one was watching, he cautiously peered around the pillar, curious to see who this King of the Jews might be.

Descending the stairs from the judgment hall, between two centurions, was a man whose like Barabbas had never seen before. He was clothed in a white robe. His face, so pure and sweet, and yet so full of strength —of exaltation, was lined with suffering that was more than physical. A crown of thorns—long, cruel thorns—encircled his head, and little streams of blood trickled down his face. Before Barabbas could see anything more, the mocking crowd had engulfed their prey, shouting, "Hail, Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."

For a moment the murderer stood spellbound. Then, with his eyes glued to the spot where Jesus had disappeared, and completely unmindful of danger, he slipped from his hiding place. Like a man led on by some mysterious, magnetic force, he wormed his way through the surging crowd toward the figure of Jesus.

When Barabbas reached the circle that surrounded Him, the procession was ready to start. One of the soldiers, recognizing the ex-prisoner, nudged him, and pointing to Jesus, said in a mocking tone, "Ah,

Barabbas, see now thy saviour! If He hath heavenly powers, why savest He not Himself?"

Jesus, hearing this remark, turned. Beneath His gaze, so clear and understanding, and yet so penetrating, Barabbas felt his heart contract. For a second an awed silence fell on those nearest the condemned man. Then, the crowd gathering momentum, the procession moved on toward Calvary, and in its wake, as it wound down the city streets, was Barabbas, following the man who was to die in his place.

LOUISE STIREWALT, '40

WHY CAMELS HOLD THEIR HEADS SO HIGH

It was night on the desert. A slight breeze shifted the sand first one way, and then the other. The sky was still aglow from the sunset, although the brilliant colors were slowly being replaced by a dark blue dotted with silver. Silhouetted against the afterglow was a group of Arab tents, lifting their weird shapes against the sky. By a campfire, glowing in front of the tents, sat an old sheik and a little boy. Not far away stood a group of camels.

"Tell me, Honorable Grandfather, why do camels always seem so superior?" The child leaned close to listen as the old man stroked his long white beard and began:

"My son, camels are swollen with pride because they are superior to men in one way. Long ago, when Mohammed the prophet was born, the Almighty Allah declared, 'Because Mohammed will be my prophet, and second only to me, I will bless him with a special blessing. Ordinary men have one name, but to Mohammed, my prophet, I will give a hundred names. Nay, I will give him yet another blessing. All the True Believers will know ninety-nine names, but his hundredth name shall be a secret name, known only to Mohammed himself.'

"So when Mohammed was born, Allah declared to all the world ninety-nine of his sacred names, but he sent down his angel to whisper in the ear of the baby the last and secret name. Now it happened that as the angel was whispering to the baby, a camel passed down the street outside the window. Camels, as you know, have very sharp ears and can hear much more than a human being. And so it was, that when the camel passed by, he overheard the secret name. He was overjoyed because now the camels would know something that men could never know. He told the name to all of his friends and relations; they, in turn, told all the rest. That's why camels always hold their heads so high. They know Mohammed's secret name."

FLORENCE CRANE,
Tenth Grade

VOICES FROM AFAR

[The editors are happy to present these contributions from former students of Peace. Ellen Munroe's poem is copied from *The Concept* of Converse College, to which we make grateful acknowledgment.)

IMPRESSIONS

I think of Japan
And see again the first white water lily
Open petals as pure and fresh as the morning
itself—
Then others follow suit and soon the whole
Dark surface of the pond has burst in bloom—
A temple bell sounds faintly from a distance
and a small child laughs—romping its way to
school.

I think of Japan
And see again the noonday sun
Beating on the dripping, brown backs of coolies
sipping hot tea and joking at their lunch—
The straw hats and bright red flannels of the
farmer and his wife
Knee-deep in the black ooze of the rice fields—
Backs doubled to their tedious task—
A trail of vivid green behind them.

I think of Japan
And see again the tall dark pines
Silent and still against a restless sea
Sails of junks—homeward-bound at twilight
Like huge birds swooping to their nests at dusk.
And softly—behind a rocky island peak
A streak of gold fades—where once the sun
had been—

I think yet of Japan
And see again a grove of slender bamboo trees
Bend low with the breeze
Like some huge silver phantom
Bowed to the pale sliver of moon
Flirting from dark clouds above—
Only the croaking of the pond frogs
And the summer song of cicadas
Breaks the stillness of night.

ELLEN MUNROE

WHEN SPRING COMES

When spring comes and the purple lilac
Sways gently in the rain;
When robins call and sing at dawn,
And all is green again;

Then make me immune to beauty;
To stars that throb in deepest night;
To dawns that wake with their sweetness,
And days that disturb with their light.

Harden me against the evenings
When crickets sigh and night birds call;
O keep me safe at home or sleeping
When dusk and purple shadows fall.

Make me immune to all of beauty,
This is my only plea—
(My heart is such a fragile thing;
This spring just let it be).

LOTTIE OSTERWIN

LINES

Once a rose was just a flower
And nothing more.
That was before
You sent a rose to me.

Once a smile meant just
A greeting
Or a sign of pleasantness—
And nothing more.
That was before
You smiled at me.

Once—once love was just a word,
A thing for poets and teen-age girls—
It had no meaning beyond just that.
But oh, my dear,
That was before
You held me close and taught my heart
Just what
Love really means.

MARION GREY BLACK

REVERIE

I see by the misty white moonlight
Known shapes oddly changed since the day;
Deep shadows have come with the twilight
And the sun has reclaimed its last ray.

The moss with its tapering fingers
Clings tight to its nourishing branch,
Cool gray like the memory that lingers
This phantomlike scene to enhance.

My thoughts all flood back in an instant
To happiness now long since past,
For memories are far the most constant;
When other things fade, these are fast.

SIDNEY ANN WILSON, '41

VENEZUELA

The huge ship, a silent shadow, slipped into harbor, while I gazed pensively upon the misty shore, and yet saw it not. I was dreamily contemplating the coming years—what would they bring? What would happen before I again stood on deck a ship? What new friends would I make, and what new things would I see? South America! The land of the tango and the rumba, serenades beneath grilled windows by dashing cabelleros, rustling palms, scented orchids, gaiety, romance.

My thoughts were broken by the Spanish pilot who asked, "Senorita, why do you not go ashore tonight? My country, she is beautiful in the daytime, but at night, senorita, she excels even my vocabulary!" This was all the praise I needed to lure me ashore.

Once in the plaza I caught my breath. Had I stepped into the days of long ago? A number of impressions crowded upon me: the swishing of majestic palms, defiantly tossing their branches into the starlit sky; the scent of warm earth intermingling with the fragrance of orchids; the shadow of a man leaning casually beside a grilled window from which there comes an occasional delicate laugh and where, for a moment, a glimpse of a graceful hand can be seen. Senoritas in long flowing gowns, their black heads covered by delicate lace mantillas, stroll along the plaza. The swarthy cabelleros are beside them, immaculately dressed, with gaily decorated sombreros under which flash brown eyes and dazzling white teeth. Discretely behind each couple are the chaperons, busily gossiping, yet

ever conscious of their charges. Over all this there is the sound of that beloved Spanish instrument, the guitar. Soon the air is filled with the haunting words of "Adios Muchachos."

Dominating all is an enormous statue of a man whose every feature leaves you silent. He watches over these, his people, who so gaily live in his shadow. Simon Bolivar, *el Liberatador!* Soldier, statesman, and liberator of what is now Venezuela, Panama, Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, and Columbia. His life can be simply told—he was born to lead; he loved his country; he lived for his country; and for his country he died. His life is a story of adventure, tragedy, defeat, and glory. He was the hero of over two hundred battles, fought to make his people free. Although he died a hundred and ten years ago, today there is still that look of adoration, hero-worship, and wonder on every face lifted to one of his statues. This look of adoration must have been on the faces of those who looked up to him while he lived. His love of freedom, his strong will, his unconquerable spirit, and his vision made Venezuela what it is today—a land where the love of freedom and of the soil is embedded in each heart—a land of laughter, soft music, dancing, flowers, gaiety, and romance. You have not fought in vain! It was you who dispelled my fears and my doubts on my first night here. Oh, no, great Simon Bolivar, you have not fought in vain!

BETTY OSTERWIN,
Eleventh Grade

THE SUEZ CANAL

Suez—So this was Suez! Somehow, this beautiful rippling moonlit harbor was not at all what I had expected of Suez. The long row of lights along the entrance of the canal gave the feeling of a great metropolis, not of the opening to that famous thirsty canal. I always thought of it as thirsty—it looked so thin and dried up on the map, because it is all surrounded by desert. And I always thought of this town as being a tiny speck, almost covered with dust, having "Suez" printed by it in neat letters; but this place—! It was almost midnight when we anchored, so we were not allowed to go ashore. I did not mind; it was enough for me to stand by the rail, look out on the tranquil moonlit water, feel the cool night breeze in my hair and listen to the music of an accordion played somewhere on shore. Finally I drew myself away and went down to my cabin.

In the morning, when I awoke and looked out of the port-hole, I saw, instead of water, miles and miles of sand. For a moment I thought that the ship had been put on some type of truck and was being driven over dry land, but in a second more I knew that I was wrong: we were in the Suez Canal, a channel so narrow that two ships of any size cannot pass. It seemed strange, after so many weeks of water, suddenly to see camels moving along beside us, and here and there to notice an Arab tent. I was seeing strange sights—the kind you read about in books.

Once on deck, I spent the whole day gazing at the wonders around me. On the Arabian side of the canal, there was only bareness and waste as far as I could see, but on the Egyptian side all was alive, and very busy too. I, who had been so long away from land, marveled at the speed with which a little brown train clattered down the track parallel to us, and was gone. Automobiles seemed to move like the wind. I bent over the rail, oblivious to the dangerous scorching sun, to watch a strange little procession coming toward us. On the dusty tow-path that ran along the side of the canal, a man was laboriously tugging at a rope hitched to a small boat in the water. His gleeful son, seated on a pile of nets in the prow of the tiny craft, was enjoying this ride at his father's expense. I was destined to see many more examples of this method of transportation before the day was over. Would you believe it of the twentieth century? The Suez Canal, the man-made river, what a strange thing it is; how interesting, and how necessary to this modern world!

The day passed swiftly in spite of the heat, and, before I knew it, our boat was leaving Port Said.

I stood looking over the stern of the boat, at the churning water below. The sea was unusually calm; but to look at our wake, you would have thought we were in a typhoon. The ocean kept gurgling

over and over. Each ripplet, as it caught the sunlight, was so different; yet each so endlessly the same. The water writhed and turned, on and on, stirred by a mighty hand. I dropped a scrap of paper and watched it bob up and down, traveling the watery, bumpy road back toward the distant horizon. Presently the paper disappeared, but still the flood rippled on, making a road back to Suez.

FLORENCE CRANE,
Tenth Grade

"GONE WITH THE WIND"

"Hello. Is that you, Ann? Well, dear, guess what? I went to see *Gone With the Wind* yesterday afternoon, and I enjoyed it immensely. There was positively the best looking man sitting next to me, Ann; you should have seen him! He looked a lot like one of the characters in the show; you know the one with the mustache—I never can remember names! Well, I kept trying to strike up a conversation with this handsome man beside me, but for some reason he wouldn't talk; so I got to looking around, and whom should I see sitting on the front seat but Ted and Joan! Well, let me tell you, my dear, I was simply flabbergasted, and as soon as intermission began, I just flew up there and talked to them the whole fifteen minutes. Then, when the show was over, I met them out front, and we went over to Boon-Iseley's together. Honestly, I just had a marvelous time!

What did you say? How did I like the show? Oh, it was pretty good, dear; rather long I thought.

ISABEL MCKEITHEN, '40

THE CAPITOL IN RAIN

The day is weeping. In pain—or sorrow? I know not. But sad beauty accompanies her tears: the dome glistens wetly, greenly, in the shower. The trees lean away from the wind, and the pigeons ruffle their damp feathers under the ledge of the building. McIver, Aycock, Vance shoulder the downpour. Washington smiles at the complaining passers-by, and another raindrop shudders down his cold nose to fall on his shining vest. The building turns grey in the water, but its doors remain open—it is our Capitol.

FRANCES RAINEY,
Eleventh Grade

SPRING FEVER

"Spring is sprung,
The grass is riz,
I wonder where
The flowers is—?"

Whoever and wherever you may be, poet of springtime, my thanks to you for this very expressive thought. I do indeed wonder where the "flowers" of springtime are! Everything is holding itself in readiness for the outburst of blooms; I, too, hold myself in readiness for the outburst—of what?

The realm of the material offers no solution that I can see. But to relax in the sun, basking in its warmth, and think—dream—of far-away places, people, adventure! To scribble bits of verse or prose at odd moments, about odd things, in an odd way! To let yourself be wafted away and played upon by strains of music. To sketch your impressions of things you see! To visualize yourself in ecstasy—all this is to have spring fever!

Anne Langtry, '41

POEMS BY HENRY JEROME STOCKARD

A recent newcomer to the poetry mart is the volume entitled *Poems* by Henry Jerome Stockard. *Poems* is of especial interest to those associated with Peace because of the author's and the artist's close connections with the school.

Born and reared in Chatham and Alamance counties, Dr. Stockard studied at the University of North Carolina and in 1889 received the degree of Master of Arts from Elon College. He later received the degree of Doctor of Literature from Wake Forest. After teaching in the public schools of Alamance County, in the University of North Carolina, and in Fredericksburg, Virginia, he became instructor of Latin at Peace. He was president of the school for five years, but resigned the position in order to devote his time to teaching. A great many of the poems contained in his volume were written during the years he spent at Peace.

Dr. Stockard's poetry shows the depth of thought and sincere appreciation of beauty that were characteristic of his nature. His response to the beautiful is strikingly expressed in his poem entitled *An Old Portrait:*

Song and the clash of castanets
Across the ages far—
The silver chime of the tambourine,
And the twang of the soft guitar.

Moonlight, and the breath of roses—
Castles and fees in Spain—
Are mine once more, with never a trace
Of care and grief and pain.

The most outstanding of Dr. Stockard's works are found among his sonnets. *The Summer Rain* is especially notable for its vivid description:

Athwart the advancing clouds the lightning's chain
Stands quivering—a hush intense: On high
Deep cannonading; and the Ashes sigh,
Shiver in dread, and then are still again.
A few great passionate drops dash on my pane,
Then cease; the crows before the stormwinds fly:
The forests lean, a great bolt rends the sky,
And then the broken fountain of the rain!
The mighty rain! Ah, how its torrents pour!
Suspending now at some broad, blinding flash,
As if with bated breath waiting the crash;
Now gathering denser till their force is spent.
Then lo! upon the receding golden shower,
Now as in Genesis, the bow of promise.

The fascinating decorations which illustrate *Poems* are the work of Miss Mabel Pugh. Miss Pugh says that she chose finger painting as her means of expression, because that medium allowed her more freedom to enter into the mood of the poem, than did any other which she tried. The paintings are symbols of a mood rather than illustrations. The artist put down on paper as nearly as she could, her reaction to the impression the poem made on her.

Finger painting is a new medium for the artist of today, both child and adult. So far as we know, this is its first use for book illustration. It was originated by Ruth Faison Shaw, a native of North Carolina, when she was teaching a class of children of Rome. Miss Shaw has made fame and fortune and now has a spacious studio on Forty-second Street in New York. Her niece, Miriam Shaw, was a pupil at Peace last year, and Miss Shaw came here to visit her.

Finger paintings are done with various parts of the hand and fingers, without the use of other tools. Necessarily the originals have to be much larger than the reproductions in a book.

ANN MCCORKLE, '41

RELIGIOUS SERVICES AT PEACE

THE CANDLELIGHT SERVICE

It was a beautiful moonlight night. The campus at Peace College was lighted with a soft glow, as a group of girls marched in reverent silence out of the lighted doorway into the soft dimness of the night. A quiet rustle was heard as they took their places on the green grass of the campus lawn. The sturdy white columns of Main Building were a silent and fitting background for the gathering of college students. A pale diffused light from the moon played softly over the crowns of the huge oak trees and made a silvery carpet on the smooth grass below.

It was the night of our Candlelight Service, and as the speakers began their talks, the eyes of all were directed as if by a magnetic force to a spot beneath a tall oak, where stood a lighted cross, bound in the purest of white. On the crossbeam a row of candles burned with a mellow glow. As the service continued, there was a look of absorbed interest on all the young and questioning faces. Each girl listened with thoughtful attention as if every word of the speakers was of the greatest importance.

The talks ended, and by a flame from the cross were lighted the candles of the group. The soft radiance accentuated the serious and earnest faces, and as the girls stood, their heads bowed slightly over the glowing candles, a feeling of unity and understanding enveloped the group. With joyful, uplifted faces they passed singing, into the doors of Peace.

MARJORIE DAVIS, '41

PEACE CHRISTMAS PAGEANT THROUGH THE EYES OF THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

As I mounted to my position, and the curtain rose on the tender, inspiring scene before me, the quiet rustle of the audience in the darkened hall fled my mind. My eyes were dazzled with the brilliance of the scene that lay before me. As I stood in my protecting attitude above the manger-cradle where lay the Babe, in the circle of Mary's arm, I had opportunity to ponder this act of God in so blessing the world. All night a guardian angel watched at Bethlehem. All night the peasant folk came and went; they came often in curiosity or in doubt, but none left the humble stable without falling on his knees in reverent awe and praise. As I look down upon the reverent group below me, there is a stirring, wistful look on Mary's face, and Joseph's grave features show a mingling of emotions. What mystery and wonder this night has held! He set the star high in the heavens, more splendrous than ever a star shone before, to guide travellers from far fields, who came on a reverent, eager quest, seeking the birthplace of the promised King. Followed them the shepherds from surrounding hills, who heard the joyous tidings

from others of God's angels who were sent to bring the story in sweet, celestial tones to men. They came, and after them came mightier men, the kings, the Magi. They all came, seeking; they all bowed, worshipping; they all went away, taking with them joy and peace and a vision in their hearts.

All this have I witnessed tonight: I have heard the sweet singing of angels' voices; I have seen the dusty travellers coming from afar to pay homage to the promised Saviour; the shepherds leaving their sheep on the starlit hillside to follow a single star, brighter than all the rest; the rich costumes of the Oriental kings who brought gifts in glittering coffers to the cradle of a Greater King. All these have passed in pageantry before my eyes. As I fold these mock wings and put away this tinsel halo, I feel that I, too, will carry away in my heart a vision—for it is the birthday of the King!

MARJORIE PATTERSON, '41

WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?

DR. J. R. CUNNINGHAM

February 7, 1940

What is your life?
Are you proud of your house,
Your clothes, your cars;
Do you glory in money?
What is your life?

What is your life?
Are you proud of your heart,
Your faith, your goal;
Do you glory in Jesus?
What is your life?

What is your life?
Are you selfish and hard,
Self-centered and withdrawn,
Oblivious to Christ's plea?
What is your life?

What is your life?
Are you humble and helping,
Trusting implicitly,
Fully surrendered to God?
What is your life?

ANNE LANGTRY, '41

VOICES *of* PEACE

VOLUME VIII MARCH, 1940 NUMBER 2

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EDITORIALS

The editors would like to pay especial tribute to the Preps for their excellent work on the Prep stunt. The program, which follows, is one of the cleverest of its kind to be presented at Peace, and we take pleasure in reprinting it at this time:

History Is Made at Night was a one-act play with three scenes. The heading for the first scene was:

PREPS'
RELENTLESS
EFFORTS
PREDICT
SUCCESS

Scene: Main Building, League of Nations.
Time: Friday night, February 2, during skipping period.
Outstanding Political Figures: General Osterwin, Fran Rainey; First Aid, Harriet Pressly; Sneakinsky, Spy of the Rude Red Russian Junior Forces, Florence Crane; Slinkoff, Spy of the Notorious Obnoxious Nazi Senior Troops, Betsy Barrow.
The heading for the second scene was:

PREPS
RESIST
ENEMIES'
POWER
SUCCESSFULLY

Scene: X marks the spot on No Man's Land.

Time: Saturday night, February 3, 8:00 p.m. (Approximate hour of stunt contest.)

Heroes of the Battle: *Democratic Prep Army*—Mary Dawson McCotter and Kathryn Walser; General Osterwin, Fran Rainey (Prep President); *Russian Junior Army*—Anne Cunningham and Diane Dickinson; Comrade McCorkle (Anne McCorkle, Junior Class President), Florence Crane; *Nazi Senior Army*—Betsy Barrow and Sara Emily Parker; Fuehrer Goddard (Doris Goddard, Senior Class President), Betty Osterwin; Mrs. Sharpe, Marjorie Luck; Messenger, Jean Cunningham.

PREPS
RETAIN
EASILY
PREVIOUS
SUCCESSES

Scene: World Court Room.

Time: Saturday night, February 3, 10:30 p.m. (Approximate hour of end of battle.)

Jurists—Nine Power Council: President Pressly, Harriet Pressly; Spanish Representative, Carey Barbour; Biological Representative, Anne Chunn; Art Representative, Mary Gordon Walters; Commercial Representative, Marjorie Luck; Athletic Representative, Gladys Satterwhite; Economic Representative, Kathryn Page; Historical Representative, Mary Brooks Lucas; Psychological Representative, *Ted Bare.*

Judged-Ones: General Osterwin, Fran Rainey; Premier McLelland, Virginia Murphy; Fuehrer Goddard, Betty Osterwin; Comrade McCorkle, Florence Crane.

EXCHANGES

The Queens College *Queens Quill* contains a vivid and realistic story of life in darkest Africa entitled "From Bad to Worse." It was written by Dorothy Longenecker, who, having spent most of her life on the African mission field, is well prepared to deal with her subject. In this issue of the *Quill* we also find an interesting interpretation of Tennyson as "The Woman's Poet."

* * *

Peace girls should be especially interested in the latest Converse *Concept* because it contains three delightful poems by Ellen Munroe, a Peace alumna. Of particular beauty is the one entitled "Your Eyes."

PEPPERPOT

TO A FROG

You sit calmly on your lily pad,
And watch the passers-by.
To relieve monotony you
Snap an unsuspecting fly.
You blink your ugly, stupid eyes,
And sit, O frog—and wait.
While life is hurrying past you,
You blink, and croak, and—wait.
You should learn much—just sitting there,
O green one, with the popping eyes;
Through all these years serenity
Must surely have made you wise.

FRANCES RAINEY,
Eleventh Grade

WEBSTER A LA PEACE

Quai d'Orsay—a French nobleman.
knell—a place where animals are kept.
Orpheus—fairy king in *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*
elixir—a tonic.
Hastings—always the butler.
prowess—a lady prowler.
epithet—part of a soldier's uniform.
peerage—a lookout.
Saturn—a piece of music.
Neptune—a classical piece of music.
prelate—to tell before.
Wycliffe—character in "Withering Heights."
Bacchus—a germ.
Jesuit—a lady Jue.
galleon—a liquid measure.
epoch—French meaning husband.
Cornwall—first name of Jackson.
Waterloo—a large wheel on mills.
dynasty—great distress of times.
cloister—a bundle of grapes.
friar—young in age.
schism—much used by the Pope in the Middle Ages.

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